THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

A Fantastic Tale.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "MR. ISAACS," "DR. CLAU-DIUS," "A ROMAN SINGER," Etc.

undone again and of forgiveness given-for met God! God! That we should be for-

There were no tears in her eyes now, as there had been twice that night. In her despair that fountain of relief, shallow always and not apt to overflow, was dried up and scorched with pain. And, for the time

at least, worse things were gone from her, though she suffered more. As though some portion of her passionate wish had been fulfilled, she felt that she could never

do again what she had done, she felt that she was truthful now as he was, and that

she was tritiful now as he was, and that she knew well from good even as Beatrice knew it. The horror of her sins took new growth in her changed vision.

"Was I lost from the first beginning?" she asked passionately. Was I born to be all I am, and foredestined to do all I have done? Was she have manyed and I a devil

done! Was she born an augel, and I a devil from hell? What is it all. What is this

Behind her, in his chair, the Wanderer still slept. Still his face were the radiant look of loy that had so suddenly come into it as she turned away. He scarcely breathed, so calmly he slept. But Unorna

did not raise her head nor look at him, and

Wanderer himself. By a strange desting she sat there, between fae two men in whom her whole life that been wrecked, and she alone was waking.

When she at last raised her eyes, the dawn was breaking. Through the transperent raof of glass, a cold, gray light began to descend upon the warm still brightness of the lamps. The shedows changed, the colors gray more cold, the dark nooks among the heavy foliage less black. Israel Kaffar's face was glastly and livid, the Wanderer's had the alabaster transparency that comes upon some strong men, in sleep.

that comes upon some strong men in sleep. Still, neither stirred. Carria turned from the ene, and lookest upon the other. For the first time she saw how he had changed,

"How peacefully ho sleeps!" she thought,
"He is dreaming of her.
The dawn came straing on, not soft and
biasting as in Southern lands, but cold, resistless and grim as ancient fate; not the
maden he raid of the sun with rose-fined
thegers and gray, liquid eyes, but hard,
cruel, suffer, a less darkness following upon
a create and came before a dail sanies.

agreater and going before a dull, sunless

and heavy day.

The door opened somewhat noisily and a beisk step fell upon the marble pavement. Unorna rose miselessly to her feet and bustening along the open space came face to face with Keyork Arabian. He stopped and looked up at her from beneath his heavy brows with surprise and suspicion. She raised one flager to her lips.

"You here already." he saled obeying

"You here already?" he asked obeying her gesture and speaking in a low voice. "Hash, hush?" she whispered, not satis-fied. "They are asked, You will wake

Keyork came forward. He could move

quiefly enough when he close. He glanced if the Wanderer. "He looks comfortable enough," he whis-

pered, half contemptanusly.

Then he bent down over Israel Kafka and carefully examined his face. To him the ghastly pailor meant nothing. It was but the natural result of excessive exhaus-

Pit him into a letharmy," said he, under is preath, but with guthority in his man

Unorna shook her head. Keyork's small eyes brightened angely.
"Do it," he said. "What is this caprice?
Are you mad? I want to take his tempera-

Are you man "I want to trace his tempera-tine without waking him."

Unoran folded her arms.

"Do you want him to suffer more?" asked Keyork, with a diabotical smile. "If so, I will wake him by all means. I am always at your service, you know."

"Will be suffer, if he wakes naturally?"

Horribly—in the head.
Unorna knell down and let her head rest few moments on Kafka's brow. The eatures, drawn with pain, immediately re-

You have hypnotized the one," grum

oOur friend there, in the armebair."
"It is not true. He fell usleep of him-

Keyork smiled again, incredulously this

'He has no fever," said Keyork looking

at the little bistrument. "I will call the Individual and we will take him away."

"Where"
"To his lodging, of course. Where else?"

He turned and went towards the door.
In a moment, Unorna was kneeling again
by Katka's side, her band upon his fore-

head, her lips close to his ear.

"This is the last time I will use my power on you or any one else," she said quickly, for the time was short. "Obey me, as you must. Do you understand me! Will you

Yes," came the faint answer as from

"I understand."
"You will only forget that I have told

you this, though you will obey. You will see me again, and if you can forgive me of your own free will, forgive me then. That must be of your own free will. Wake in

must be of your own free will. Wake in two hours of yourself, without pain or

Again she touched his forehead and then

spring to her feet. Keyork was coming back with his dumb servant. At a sign, the individual lifted Kafka from the floor,

taking from him the Wanderer's furs and wrapping him in others which Keyork had

"What made you come back so early!" he

"I will not tell you." she answered, draw-

ing back.
No. Well, I am not curious. You have an excellent opportunity now."
"An opportunity!" Unorna repeated with

a cold interrogative.
"Excellent," said the little man, standing

on tiptoe to reach her ear, for she would not

The strong man walked away with his burden as though he was carrying a child. Keyork Arabian lingered a mo-

How peacefully he sleeps!" she thought.

What is this

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her head slightly and was a distant clock chimed the ie was slowly drawing

Unorna, looking up at out not rest?

t me. I think," she an-And yet you might aten that poor man? ere not acting, just now, him so tenderly. You you will be kind to him.

foorthat in your uncon

onted at her and smiled

the said gravely. "My denote. The evil is suf-will Hamilton said sleep, in. If you will watch.

one prain. Unions bent that done before. The contrasting confortably an of the high carved to the high carved to the place first lay. The nir was the flawers sweet but the flawers sweet but some was intense, for founding was still. He need in highly and his the forgot Unorna and as set man, trying to fix the rate head as it lay.

or eyes, and felt that them again. Then one proof more of a He had not even

wake into a unconscious. In the control of him to her the let her eyes look the let her eyes look. to she fell no condition of the same so heavy, establed him. It might a magnit, the who could impen to morrow. She

How much had she to could tell clearly? combilities in the futhe thought of that yew dimy with inc-ion the idea had first

Wanterer as he lay on on what she loved outd be gone, rained, to He would be still of remember her half donder as a woman who most his friend. That would be left in him or

hopelessly if he could be a little more kindly favor now, it might be at a vell upon the pictthat the more though thought a few hours be compled at the doing veal and passionate many familiar fund his, and had turned or other destruction switch in the work outless go lo-morrow to thought not grafts where, but grown innert heart. Only nothing more than that seeds and come to have into his face. Ver

ne angel she asked. It was so all she had hoped, or all she had demanded, o what she had given, or sout. And in return it small knowly thought

re motionless as a statue

with her lips, belowed," she said in a treaself, and saidy, the at what she had done, a fatral diffe an innocent the had obeyed her discharged to seep more deeply still, the she thought, to

we fired she thought, to Erst and last, had not

you have the right to things of me than I have memory. Let her take her it was never mine. Re-on will, forget at least the of forgive the wrong you or you will know it surely ove-1 love you so-dream ad let me think I take her or loved you more than L.

She would not have done
be. Dream only that I am
also once. Then when you
of think so cruelly of me. be she and you your lov-Dear love you would never should know that you had

hought for me. You would do not matter then to you, have only dreamed, and I certainty, forever, to take | ment the words carried a meaning

his sleeping senses, a look of almost heavenly happiness is sleeping face. But Unorna. She had turned suddenly

act, half whispering lest she should

Is there no miracle of decus I bend her head.

Ther own chair.

into his ear that you are Beatrice and he will

believe you for the rest of his life."
"Go." said Unorna.
Though the word was not spoken above her breath it was fierce and commanding.
Keyork Arabian smiled in an evil way, shrugged his shoulders and left her.

CHARTER NYIV. Unorna was left alone with the Wanderer. His attitude did not change, his eyes did not open, as she stood before him. Still he were the look which had at first attracted Keyork Arabian's attention and which had attended through the second through herself. It was the examazed Unorna herself. It was the ex-pression that had come into his face in the old cemetery where in his sleep she had

spoken to him of love.

"He is dreaming of her," Unorna said to herself, again, as she turned sadly away. But since Keyork had been with her a

oubt had assailed her which painfully dis turbed her thoughts, so that her brow con-tracted with anxiety, and from time to time the drew a quick hard breath. Keyork has aken it for granted that the Wanderer'

deep was not natural. She tried to recall what had happened shortly before dawn, but it was no wonder that her memory served her ill, and refused to bying back distinctly the words she had spoken. Her whole being was unsettled and shaken, so that she found it hard to recognize herself. The stormy hours through which she had lived since yesterday had left their trace; the lack of rest, instead of producing physicial exhaustion, had brought about an excessive mental weariness, and it was not easy for her new to find all the con-necting links between her actions. Then, above all else, there was the great revulsion that had swept over her after her last and greatest plan of evil had falled, causing in her such a change as could hardly have seemed natural or even possible to a calm person watching her inmost thoughts.

And yet such sudden changes take place daily in the world of crime and passic daily in the world of crime and passion. In one uncalled for confession, of which it is hard to trace the smallest reasonable cause, the intricate wickednesses of a lifetime are revealed and repented; in the mysterious impulse of a moment, the mysterious back and delivers himself to justice; under an influence for which there is often no accounting, the woman who has sinned se currely through long years lays bare her guilt and throws herself upon the mercy of the man whom she so skillfully and consist-cutly deceived. We know the fact. The reason we cannot know. Perhaps to natures not wholly bad, sin is a poison of which the moral organization can only bear a certain fixed amount, great or small, before reject-ing it altogether and with loathing. We do not know. We speak of the workings of conscience, not understanding what we mean. It is like that subtle something which we call electricity; we can play with which we call electricity; we can play with it, command it, lead it, neutralize it and die of it, making light and heat with it, or lan-guage and sound, kill with it and core with it, while absolutely ignorant of its nature. We are no nearer to a definition of it than the Greek who rubbed a bit of amber and lifted with it a tiny straw, and from amber,

The change that had come over Unorna. thether it was to be lasting or not, was referred. The circumstances under which it took place are plain enough. The rea-sons must be left to themselves—it remains only to tell the consequences, which hereon

The first of these were a hatred of that extraordinary power with which nature had indowed her, which brought with it a de-

termination never again to make use of it for any evil purpose, and, if possible, never even for good. But as though her unhappy fate were forever lighting against her good impuises, that power of hers had exerted itself unthat power of hers had exercical isself in-consciously, since her resolution had been formed. Keyork Arabian's words, and his evident, though unspoken disbelled in her denial, showed that he at least was con-vinced of the fact that the Wanderer was not sleeping a natural sleep. Unerna tried to recall what she had done and said, but not screping a natural sieep. Cherna tred to recall what she had done and said, but all was vague an indistinct. Of one thing she was sure. She had not laid ner hand apon his forchead and she had not intentionally done any of those things which she had always believed necessary for producing the results of hypnotism. She had not through erashing waves, can turn and face

often different, to the practiced eye, from that of ordinary slumber. There is a fixity in the expression of the face and in the attitude of the body, which cannot continue under ordinary circumstances. He had perhaps noticed both signs in the Wanderer. She went back to his side and looked at him intently. She had exactly days to do

him intently. She had searcely dured to do so before, and she felt that she might have been mistaken. The light, too had changed, for it was broad day, though the lamps were still burning. Yet, even now, she could not tell. Her judgment of what she saw was disturbed by many intertwining

had done, if she had done anything, it had not hurt him. There was no possibility of misinterpreting the sleeping man's ex-

She wished that he would wake, though she knew how the smile would fade, how the features would grow cold and indifferent, and how the gray eyes she loved would open with a look of annoyance at seeing her before him. It was like a vision of happyness in a house of sorrow, to see him lying there, so happy in his sleep, so loving, so peaceful. She could make it all to last, too, if she would, and she realized that with a sudden pang. The woman of whom he dreamed, whom he had loved so faithfully and sought so long was very near him. A word from Unorna, and Beatrice could come and find him as he lay asleep, and herself open the dear eyes.

erself open the dear eyes. Was that sacrifice to be asked of her bewas find sacrifice to be asked of her be-fore she was taken away to the expiation of her sins? Fate could not be so cruel—and yet the mere idea was an added suffering. The longer she looked at him the more the possibility grew and tortured her.

After all, it was almost certain that they would meet now, and at the meeting she felt sure that all his memory would return. shire that an his himself, why should she raise her hand to bring them to each other? It was too much to ask, Was it not enough that both were free, and both in the same city together, and that she had rowed neither to hurt nor hinder them! If it was their destiny to be joined together, it would so happen surely in the natural course; if not, was it her part to join them! The punishment of her sins,

whatever it should be she could bear; but this thing she could not do.

She passed her hand across her eyes as Sue passed her mand across her eyes as though to drive it away, and her thoughts came back to the point from which they had started. The suspense became unbearable when she realized that she did not know in what condition the Wanderer would wake, nor whether, if left to nature, he would wake at all. She touched his sleeve, lightly at first, and then more heavily. She moved his arm. It was passive in her hand and lay where she placed it. Yet she would not believe that she had made him sleep. She drew back and looked at him. Then her anxiety overcame her

her.

"Wake," she cried aloud, "For God's sake, wake! I cannot bear it!"

His eyes opened at the sound of her voice, naturally and outerly. Then they grew wide and deep and fixed themselves in a great wonder of many seconds. Then I carrie saw no more.

great wonder of many seconds. Then Unorna saw no more.

Strong arms lifted her suddenly from her feet and presses her flercely and carried her, and she hid her face. A volce she knew sounded, as she hid never heard it sound, nor honed to hear it,

"Beatrice!" it cried and nothing more. In the presence of that strength, is the ringing of that cry. Unorna was helpless. She had no power of thought left in her, as she felt herself born along, body and soul, in the rush of a passion more masterful than her own.

Then she was on her feet again, but his arms were round her still, and hers, whether she would or not, were classed about his neck. Dreams, truth, faith kept or broken, hell and heaven itself were swept away, all wrecked fegether in the tide of love. And through it all his voice was in her ear.
"Love, love, at last! From all the years

a river, nor rock, nor island, nor broad continent of earth, that has not known Beatriec and loved her name. Heart of my heart, soul of my soul—the nights and days without you, the lands and the occans where you were not, the endlessness of this little world that hid you somewhere, the littleness of the whole universe without you how can you ever know what it has been to me! And so it is gone at last— gone as a divarm of sickness in the morning of health, gone as the blackness of storm-clouds in the sweep of the clear west wind, gone as the shadow of evil before the tace of an angel of light. And I know it all. I see it all in your eyes. You knew I ail. I see it all in your eyes. You knew was true, and you knew I sought you, an would find you at last—and you hav waited—and there has been no other, no waited—and there has been no other, not the thought of another, not the passing image of another between is. For I know there has not been that, and I should have known it anywhere in all these years, the chill of it would have found me, the sharpness of it would have been in my heart no matter where, no matter how far "God knows how I have loved you-how

The light that had been in his face grev brighter still as she spoke, while she looked at him, wondering, her head thrown back against the high chair, her eyelids wet ma drooping, her lips still parted, her hand it his. Small wonder if he had loved her for herself, she was so beautiful. Small won

der it would have been if she had taken Beatrice's place in his heart during those weeks of close and daily converse. But that first great love had left no fertile ground in which to plant another seed, no warmth of kindness under which the tender shoot might grow to strength, no room be ordly tree, straight, tall and ever green, or bordly tree, straight, tall and ever green, on a silent mountain top. Alone it had borne the burden of grief's heavy snows unbent, for all its inaciness, it had stood against the raging tempest, and, green still, in all its giant strength of stem and branch, in in all its kingly robe of unwithered foliage, unscathed, unshaken, it yet stood. Neither storm nor lightning, wind nor rain, sun nor snow, had prevailed against it to dry it up, and cast it down that another might grow and cast it down that another might grow

Yet this love was not for her to whom he spoke, and she knew it as she answered him, though she answered truly, from the fullness of her heart. She had cast an enchantment over him unwittingly, and she was taken in the toils of her own magic, even as she had sworn that she would never again put forth her powers. She shaddered as she realized it all. In a few short moments she had foll his kisses, and heard his words mad had been clasped to his heart, as she had many a time mult beood. But his words mained been clasped to his hear?, as she had many a time madly hoped. But in those inoments, too, she had known the truth of her woman's instinct, when it had told her that love must be for herself and for her ewn sake, or not be leve at all.

The falseness, the fathomics truth of it, would have been bad enough alone. But the truth that was so strong made it horrible. Had she but inspired in him a burning love for herself, however much against his will,

for herself, however much against his will for nerself, however much against his will, it would have been very different. She would have heard her more from his lips, she would have brown that all however false, however artificial, was for herself, while it might hast. To know that it was real, and not for her, was intolerable, to see this love of his break out at last—this, other have which the his other hast. had met with a jealousy as strong as itself, and struggled with and buried under an imposed forgetfulness to feel its great wayes surging around her and beating up against her leart, was more than she could bear. Her face grow whiter and her hands were cold. She dreaded each moment less he should call her Bentrice again, and say that her fair hair was black and that he loved those deep, dark eyes of hers

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

Of the Lake District of England. Grasmere With the Oldest.

ENGLAND'S QUAINT CHURCH.

Rushing Down Craggy Declivities Into Val-The Difficulties Under Which Travelers Labor.

THE CONVENTIONAL TRIP. Special to the Gazette

WINDERMERS, ENG., May 12—The conventional trip taken through the lake district is either after arrival by rail at its southern headquarters. Windermere, by coach north through the heart of the region to Keswick, er on arrival by rail at Kes-wick, over the same grand highway by could south to Windermere. Thus tourists, and particularly American tourists, who wish to make the best use of their hours, are enabled to secure a very good general idea of the district, and certainly look upon thal portion richest in associative interest while viewing its finest lakes, loveliest vales and loftiest mountains—by an expenditure of but one day's time. An old tray

diture of but one day's time. An old trav-cer's word for it, seldom in a lifetime can a day be so exaltingly filled.

At Keswick or Windermere you have daily the choice of a score of four-in-hand coaches. Some are of the old English and Concord patterns, but most are built high in air, open, scating at least twenty fares; are wonderfully constructed for strength and lightness; give a delightful sense of breezy attitude to cossengers; and furnish in their lightness; give a delightful sense of orcely attitude to passengers; and furnish in their cavernous "bodies" vast storeroom for parcels and luggage. Most of these coaches are provided with guards with musical horns and rosy noses, with tacitum drivers, who loiter about the stables of the nobility in winter, and exist in a defiant attitude of protest against questions in summer, and with the handsomest coach horses to be found in all England. You can leave Wintermere or Keswick, in either direction, at my hour of the day between 7 and 2, and he ride of twenty-one miles, through sev-gal of the deepest valleys and over two of he highest passes of the region, is usually accomplished in about five hours.

accomplished in about five hours.

You are at kisswick.

If you have "booked" at least three days in advance, have paid for two fares besides your own, and have privately consulted with stipendary modifications the driver and guard as to the most favorable measures for viewing the region, you can secure your seat on the box of the most popular "going out" coach, at 9 in the morning, the envy and glares of the remainder of the "fares," whom you find represent almost every civilized nationality. Americans and every civilized nationality. Americans and Germans predominating. If you ask ques-tions you will also secure the largest num-ber of wide-winged "out-and-outers" with which your credence was ever assailed. Your own knowledge of the literature and topography of the Lake region is your sole amulet against these. But your coach is away with all the shouting, rattling and tooting necessary to remind you that at last you are the proud possessor, with its other monarchs, the guard and the driver, of the box of a genuine British institution. The gentie thrill which accompanies this reflec-tion has barely subsided when you have passed beautiful Greta bridge, and with a sudden turn to the right, begin the long aspassed beautiful Greta oringe, and with a sudden turn to the right begin the long ascent of Castle Rigg—the most windin one for 'osses o' the stretch," the driver remarks in the single truthful statement you will receive all the way to Windermere But in this long, slow climb you pass Chestaut Hill, a quaint little, crooked-roof house, with its historic syvanoments and account the whole Shale more, elm and cherry tree, where Shell trought his school-girl bride and when they chased each other like happy children about the flower beds, until the stern Cum-brian landlord chased them both away. As the coach is bulted at the top of Castle Rigg. 1000 feet above Keswick, grand and beautiful indeed is that scene behind. The entire vale of Derwent is spread to view. Keswick gray and snug is half hidden its bosom. To the west gleams the upper reaches of Derwentwater with the crags of Grassmoor be-

yond. Saddleback looms up in the north yond. Sandedack noons up in the horn east. Beyond the tower of old Crossthwaite church, where Southey lies buried, shines the blue bed of Bessouthwaite Water. And across the whole lovely vale, where the farms spread in checkered patches of color to the sun, lofty Skiddan stands monarch sublime

OF THE CUMBRIAN NORTH This dragging way over Castle Rigg is one of the two great heights you will attain by coach on your pleasant journey. The other is at Dunmail Raise, just before you pass into Westmoreiand. You are in Cumberland now. This was the Little Britain of long ago. It was the home of those fierce and the proportionable Britains. right, the west-for your direction is near always due south from Keswick to Winder mere- are the seeming;

mere—are the seemingly
expenses FELLS,
odorous with the building heath, and here
and there a mass of color from banks of violets, the gentle breeze stirring the whole
fell-side as if with wild and riotous motion
and delight. In front, the wide, smooth
mountain road winds between overhanging lichened rocks, spans shadowy dingres, and at its aparent end seems to drop sheer into a measureless sea of blue. But now to the a measureless sea of blue. But now to the left down, down, as if into some vast witch-cauldron, the sight descends, and attempts to penetrate the films of mist. Morning is late in reaching St. John's Vale. Donse and dark in the vale's lowest depths, the mist breaks above in feathery rifts where the rays of the eastern sun ulter through in filmy streams of gold. Half disclosed behind them are the dark gray outlines of in filmy streams of gold. Half disclosed behind them are the dark gray outlines of the mighty erag. Castle Rock. You cannot

With iron studged clearles and barred, And proug d portcolles, join d to guard The gloomy pass below

The gloomy pass below
that you need no better view.
Above this, almost on a level with your
coach, which is just beginning the long
southern descent of Castle Rigg lies a huge
moving cloud. It is slowly passing down
the valley. Suddenly you realize you are
above the clouds, for "See the Striding
Edge!" is chorused by many of your companions. There it lies, this gram, yellowblack and curved ridge of Helxellen, majestic monarch of all this grand take region.
It seems across that cloud to be the mighty
miral walls of

minral waits of

SOME WEIDD ISLE,
unattainable beyond a sea of mountainous
waves. A curve in the road for a few moments blees cloud and mountain top. When
Helvellyn again appears the cloud has been
lost in and over the vale of St. John, and
there stands the grand old mountain, foresthing at its base, cleft and scarced above,
still higher striped here and there with far
descending forcests, like mighty planes in descending torrents, like mighty planes in white, and its broken summit and "Strid-ing Edge" showing thousands of blackened

almost vertical furrows in the eternal stone of its peaks and ridges. But you now have something to do besides gaze on Helvellyn. Your coach is de-secuding the mountain at tremendous speed. The wheel horses are at their best canter. The skids smoke at the wheels, Many a "tiod bless me" is elaculated by old travelers. The ladies stylle 1990 shricks

ing horses, the creaky, beclouded coach and gasping massengers come to a grateful standstill at the King's Head Inn, Thirispot, hard by the shores of Thirimere

heir legs and wash the mountain dust from their throats with mountain dew. You re-main in your high seat there, for this valley main in your high seal there, for this valley and its mountain sides have hosts of mem-ory-wraiths for the few minutes in which they may appear. Just before you is Dale-head hall, once full of Southey's mirth and Wardsworth's quiet wisdom. Beside it, Wartsworth's quies wisdom. Beside it, Dalehead meadows in which once stood the famous inn-of-call for packers and dalesmen. "Willie How." Across Thirlmere is ancient, haunted Armboth hall. You passed in your mod gallop down the mountain side Fisher place, where Rossetti at death's door read the last proofs of his wild, melodious sonnets. To the r is the peny-path leading over outlandish Watendlath; and outlandish Waterstlath; and you can any time go ever its weird wild course with Forster and Matthew Arnold, by reading the latter's exquisite poem, "Resignation." All this valley was

poem, "Resignation." All this valley was Wordsworth's and Colerlage's daily meeting ground. Down there in Thirdmere Is the "Rock of Names," where the name of William Wordsworth, Dorothy his faithful sister. Mary Hutchinson afterwards his noble wife, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, John Wordsworth and Sarah Hutchinson, were chiscled by their own hands. At the valley's edge to the north is all that is left of the Cherry Tree Innforever famous because Wordsworth stopped his peasant "Waggoner" there and at the "village merry night" gave him two or three hours of rousing fun. and at the "village merry night" gave him two or three hours of rousing fun. Under Bull Craps is the ancient "justice stone" where in olden thans the law was administered.

administered.

ALMOST CLINGING TO THE CRAGS
in spots like chamois, around the noble
valley's rim are flocks of the black-fased
Herdwick sheep of Umbria, which tradition says the Armada brought here 200
years ago. Not only here but on many a
mountain side in Cumberland you will see
circular green bits of pasture on the hillsides. They are wailed with stone, and are
the carliest enclosures by civilized nearles the earliest enclosures by civilized people in the north of England. In ancient times the cows were herded within them at milking time. Here and there on highest crag can be seen the "maens" or cairns of old These and countless other objects will lea ou into the mazes of antiquit the very names of the lim and Thirlspot, and of Thirlmere set sapphires in the bosom of the vale. the Viking Thoroid who dwelt here queathed the spot his name forever TIME SELECT from the guard breaks in up

dreamful musings. In a cherry companions are in their place notes of the coach form flood the On, on you speed scaring the sand into the rushes and reeds; and the into the rusiles and reeds; and the ringousels skim scamperingly to the farther
shadowy shore—through the valley, past
sleeping Thirimere; up past little Writheburn charch, not as big as your own parlor,
and the second smallest house of God in Brigain; and then up, up, again, as over Castle,
Rigg, to weird old Dunmail Raise. Here a
parting look is had at grim Helvellyn, and
the eye lingers lovingly on the pair blue of
St. John's vale below the deeper blue of far
Blencathra; the whole a ministure image Blencathra; the whole a miniature imag of the pass of Lauterbrunnen. Here, te is that Northern curlo of the antiquarian the Raise itself. It is a huge calm of pe bles. Tradition says the cairn was made over one thousand years ago, on the defeat and shughter of Dunmail, lring of Cumbria in the year 945. Dummail's dominion given to King Malcolin of Si and the cairn was left to the boundary of the two

doms, as it to-day forms the bounds the shires of Cumberland and West land. Into the latter and anothers mountain-flauked valley your coach now plunges with smoking horses and wheels. Faster and faster speeds the coach, and faster and thicker crowd objects and scenes hallowed by the lives and graves of men and the immortal glamor of song. and the immortal gamor of song.

Comprehensively speaking, it is all the
Vale of Rothay. To the east, the eye scans
the sides and heights of Fairfield, Red.
Screes, and Wansielt, with the far ridges Screes, and Wansfell, with the far ridges of High Street and Kirkstone behind. To the west, rise in weird and precipitous masses the savage Pikes of Langdale, and Crinkle Crags and Wetherlam with their sunshiny cones are seen in the far south. Beneath you is the fair and peaceful valley, with gray old Crasmere, by its source church tower, asleep beside the peace in waters of its beauteous lake:

SUBLIMITY, BEAUTY, PEACE.

SUBLIMITY, BEAUTY, PEACE,
everywhere blended as if by a magic wand.

See to the right that ancient mill who Above it rises mighty Helin ever it-cross ing majestic plies of stone ever fair, we man, cowled priest, thiratening demon, of myriad changing other forms from poets days to Deald times of old. Stone Ac

"The last that parleys with the setting sunfrowns opposite. You rush by Swan inn, whence Wordsworth. Southey and Scott left on their ponies for Helveilyn's ascen., and where there are still delicious legends by coach on your pieasunt journey. The other is at Dummil Raise, just before you pass into Westmoreiand. You are in Chimberland now. This was the Little Britain of long ago. It was the home of those fierce and unconquerable Brigantes who, from the time the region was known as Brigantia until it became Cumberland, beat back the Saxons from the east, the Weish from the south and Picts from the north, and metevery foe outside their mountain gates. Marvelously sweet and fragrant is the morning as you now smoothly soin along these noble heights. But it seems to have scarcely reached the deepest vales. To your right, the west—for your direction is nearly always due south from Keswick to Windermere—are the seemingly.

ENDIESS FELIS. BUT BERR IS GRASHERE.

rasinere with permaps the object of very fainty the quantest charch in England; Grasmere where the brave out dama soundly vallaged the Prince of Wales for charrying, her sheep; Grasmere where DeQuincey for thirty-seven years returned his Dove cottage and its mane of books that all the other writers, borrrowed and never propositions. at the other writers borrrowed and never brought back, so absorbed and absorbing were they, and where the angel, Margaret, fought the demon column and rescared that wenderous intellect and soul from mean cervable hells of forment: Grasmere where in old St. Oswaiu's churchyaru sleep Harlie's Coleradge and William Wor iswarth, by Coleradge and William Wor iswarth, and the beauteous Kothus, beauting from sequestering meadows, gives back along the old church wall the deathless subject they sung.

The heart swells and the eyes fill quickly here, and you are grad the fresh relay of horses speeds you so swiftly away. That roud late along the shores of the area. To the west are mountains, mountains eggs, where. Half was around the base of bold where. Half was around the base of bald White Moss, high above your local is the "Wishing Cate," famous in ramanchasis song. Thering sharply to the left did a Redal Water, a speck of blue in a now almost level valley, is beyone you in that cottage to the left fives a grand-localities of Woodsworth. Swinging into the routh we

cottage to the left lives a grandificantite of Woodsworth. Swinging into the north we south highway at spanishing speak, you come alongside a tiny cottage embeshest in two, its hedge and walts squarely upon the toad, and a sweet bit of medowshoping away from the place to the shore of Rydal Water.

SAUSCAR RISES HIGH BEHINGS IT INCOME. THE SEAR RISES HIGH BEHINGS IT INCOME. THE SEAR RISES HIGH BEHINGS IT IN ADDITIONAL THE SEAR RISES HIGH BEHINGS IT IN ADDITIONAL AND THE SEAR WAS BUILD REAL TO COTTAGE AND WAS BUILD REAL TO COLUMN THE ACCOUNT OF THE SEAR RISES HIGH BEHINGS IT IN ADDITIONAL THE SEAR RISES HIGH WAS BUILD REAL TO SEAR AND THE WAS BUILD REAL TO SEAR RISES AND THE WAS BUILD REAL TO SEAR RISES AND THE SEAR RISES AND THE WAS BUILDINGS OF THE WAS BU

meeting and passing codel and vehicle of every description, tourists of every naturality in every pleasant means of georg and coming, and altogether one wild whire of ENERANTER ASSOCIATIVE EXTERISTS. Here is Elleray, sentineled by its glint sycamore and rife with memories of Prof. Wilson. There is Fox How, where Hved noble Dr. Arnold. Behind that mass of beech and lauvel lived Harrist Martinesis, and the sun dual on the fragrant terrace still bears the inscriptive echo of her loft, life-long soul's desire. "Come light, visit me." Ambleside haunted by the wraths of all these folk and hidden in its mass of foliage and bloom is whished behind. And then through an almost unbroken avenua of beeches and sycamore you are whirled along one of the grandest roads in England, with swift glimpses be right and left of mountain, vale, lake and stream; of cottage, hall and hostel old; until, with sching bones, whirling head, humry stomach, and heart athrill for its rocal stirring; your coach is brought up with a crash and a bang in front of John Riggs' famous Windernere hostery. The grateful odors of broiling char salmost sarvishing as those of Thompson's Gloucesgrateful odors of broiling char (almost as ravishing as those of Thompson's Glouces-ter "planked shuft") ascend to your eager nostrils; and before your eyes lies one of the sweetest scenes on earth her silvery shores upleading the gladden-ing vision to measureless masses of mona-tains swarthed in emerald and purple and crowned with sun-kissed glories, to the high, far horizon line, that hints of but repels the tempests of the hunderous libb EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

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willed him to do anything, she thought, and she felt sure she had pronounced no words of the nature of a command. Step by step she tried to reconstruct for her comfort a detailed recollection of what had passed, but every effort in that direction was fruitbled Keyork, asiae beat down arain. "I cannot imagine why you should object to doing the same thing for the other." "The other." Unorna repeated in surless. Like many then far wiser than her-self, she believed in the mechanics of hyp-notic science, in the touches, in the passes. in the fixed look, in the will to fascinate. More than once Keyork Arabian had scoffed More than once Reyork Arabian had scoffed at what he called her superstitions, and had maintained that all the varying phenomena of hypnotism, all witcheraft of the darker ages, all the visions undoubtedly shown to wondering eyes by mediaeval sorcerers, were traccable to moral influence, and to no other cause. Unorna could not accept his reasoning. For her there was a deeper and keyork similed again, increditionally this time. He had already applied his pocket thermometer and looked at his watch. Unorna had risen to her feet, disdaming to defend herself against the imputation expressed in his face. Some minutes passed reasoning. For her there was a deeper and yet a more material mystery in it, as in her own life, a mystery which she cherished as an inheritance, which impressed her with a sense of her own strange destiny and of the gulf which separated her from other women. She could not detach herself from the idea that the supernatural played a part in all her doings, and she clung to the use of gestures and passes and words in the exercise of her and pusses and words in the exercise of he and passes and words in the exercise of her art, in which she funcied a hidden and se-cret meaning to exist. Certain things had especially impressed her. The not uncom-mon answer of hypnotics to the question concerning their identity. I am the image in your eyes, is undoubtedly elicited by the fact that their extraordinary acute and very far off.

You will wake two hours from now.
You will not forget all that has happened, but you will never love me again. I forbid you ever to love me again! Do you understand." perhaps, magnifying vision, perceives the image of themselves in the eyes of the mage of themselves in the eyes of the operator, with abnormal distictness and not impossibly, of a size quite incompatible with the dimensions of the pupil. To Unorna the answer meant something more. It suggested the actual presence of the per-son she was influencing in her own brain, and whenever she was undertaking any thing especially difficult, she endeavored to obtain the reply relating to the image as as soon as possible.

In the present case she was sure that she had done none of the things which she considered necessary to produce a definite re-sult. She was totally unconscious of hav-ing impressed upon the sleeper any sugges-tion of her will. Whatever she had said, she had addressed the words to herself without any intention that they should be

seard and understood. These reflections comforted her as she paced the marble floor, and yet Keyork's remark rang in her ears and disturbed her. She knew how vast his experience was and now much he could tell by a single glance it a human face. He had been familiar with every phase of hypnotism long before she had known him, and might reasonably be supposed to know by inspection whether with every phase of hypnotism long before she had known him, and might reasonably should find you, for you have been always and everywhere. It is also the little man, standing with her ear, for she would not "You have only to whisper" tain, but the condition of rest is also very thought of you and the worship of you.

an turn and quench the roaring flame, as

In those short, false moments, Unorna knew what happiness could mean. Torn from herself, lifted high above the misery and the darkness of her real life, it was all true to her. There was no other Beatrice but herself, no other woman whom he had loved. An enchantment greater than her own was upon her and held her in bonds she could neither bend nor break.

She was sitting in her own chair now, and he was kneeling before her, holding her

he was kneeling before her, holding her hand and looking up at her. For him, the world held nothing else. For him her hair was black as night, for him the unlike eyes were dark and fathomless, for him the heavy marble hand was light, responsive delicate; for him her face was the face of Beatrice, as he had last seen it long age The years had passed, indeed, and he had sought her through many lands, but she and come back to him the same, in the glorof her youth, in the strength of her love, in the divinity of her dark beauty, his always. through it all, his now, for ever.

For a long time he did not speak. words rose to his lips and failed of utter-ance, as the first mist of early morning is drawn heavenwards to vanish in the rising sun. The long-drawn breath could have made no sound of sweeter meaning than the unspoken speech that rose in the deep gray Nature's grand organ, touched by hand divine, can yield no chord more mov-ing than a lover's sigh.

Words came at last, as after the welcome

shower in summer's heat the song of birds rings through the woods, and out across the fields, upon the clear, earth-scented air words fresh from their long rest within his heart, unused in years of loneliness, but unforgotten and familiar still; untarnished lewels from the immost depths, rich treasures from the storehouse of a deathless faith, diamonds of truth, rubies of passion, pearls of devotion, studding the golden

out you, and now it will always be day for us two-day without end, and sun forever And yet, I have seen you always in my night, just as I see you now. As I hold your dear hands, I have held them—day by day and year by year—and I have smoothed that black hair of yours that I love, and kissed those dark eyes of yours many and many a thousand times. It has been so long, love, so very long! But I knew it would come some day—I knew I

the blast, no more than the long, dry grasmore than the drooping willow bough can dam the torrent and force it backwards up the steep mountain side. In those short, false moments, Unorna

links of the chain of love.

"At last—at last—at last! Life of my life, the day has come that is not day with-